Volume LXXI CHICAGO, MARCH 20, 1913 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

SOUL'S EASTER

✣ ✣ ✣

How blest am I that often in my dreams
  Come lofty thoughts to waking hours unknown!—
  Airs as of mountain-tops are round me blown,
And soul upflames with more than sunrise-beams;
Imagination circles; insight gleams
  Unwontedly, with love and purpose sown,
  And spirit's blossoms—in Elysium grown—
Allure my heart along unfailing streams.

O waking hours with pains and passions filled;
  Poor human strivings for the things that pass!—
    Rise, soul, above them, to serener heights;
Pursue the fairer deeds ye oft have willed,
  Oft failed of! Soon Night's visions fade, alas!
    But Day's high conquests offer long delights.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Tuft's College, Massachusetts.

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DRY MAP—CALIFORNIA

STATISTICS—108 "Dry" Supervisoral Districts; 43 "Dry" Municipalities; 35 "Dry" Incorporated Cities—More than 300 towns have voted "dry" since Jan. 1, 1912—Within the last two years 818 saloons have been closed by ballot, in 80 Supervisoral Districts and 14 Incorporated Cities, in this is jurisdiction. Two years ago, in all California there were 200 "dry" towns, there are now 682 "dry" towns, and more than one-half the territory of the state is free from saloons.—From California *Christian Advocate.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1913. NUMBER 3.

A MARCH EASTER

I'm glad that Easter sometimes comes
When wintry winds blow cold,
No blade of grass or bursting bulb
Comes peeping through the mold;

I'm glad, because it tests my faith
In unseen things to be,—
And gives another God-sent pledge
Of immortality.

March, 1913. —ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

The unspeakable ruffianism with which the Capital mob assailed and insulted the women marching in the suffrage parade, is a disgrace to the nation. Lewd epithets, adventures in tactile familiarity with women, scurrile speech from the sinks and stews—these were the greeting to women who dared to march for an idea. Yet even out of such evil does good come. Those brutes who thought to smear women with foul speech have made many thousands of votes for women. Votes, that is, for civilization as represented by the marchers, as over against the savagery and obscenity of the mob. Those citizens of sewers have the ballot. They hold it too sacred for women! What gentleman can fail to be for woman suffrage after the scenes in Washington! J. F. N.

"Twenty Years of Life" is a volume of sermons by Dr. Thomas Van Ness of the old Second Church, Boston—the church of Cotton Mather and Emerson—one for each year of his pastorate, selected by vote of the congregation. As such, they serve as signposts not only of an able and influential ministry, but of the direction in which religious thought is moving. Some of them are very striking, as for example, the one on "Commercial Calvinism," and that one which gives such wise counsel on the difficult subject of our own estimate of ourselves, which is often in sharp contrast with the estimate of us by others. They show a vigorous thinker in close touch with the currents and problems of the years, a forth-right writer giving frank expression to the faith that is within him. It is a suggestive and companionable book, and a worthy celebration of twenty years in an historic pulpit. J. F. N.

The biography of *General Booth*, by G. S. Railton, chief commissioner, and for forty years a near friend of the founder, of the Salvation Army, is a life-story of world-interest. It is a thrilling chronicle of activities, of stern, brave fighting for half a century for the social betterment of mankind. For the most part, and very wisely, the author lets General Booth tell his own story, and some of his statements are rare human documents. His tribute to his mother no one can forget, and the account of his conversion, which was the key to his life, recalls a like page in the life of Wesley. Nothing in the legends of mediaeval saints surpasses this record in its heroism, its utter self-abandonment, its sense of religious Reality blended with enthusiasm for humanity. No doubt it was in his character as an adjuster of the intolerable destinies of the poor that General Booth became, in his later years, the most revered figure in Europe. But it must be kept in mind that his humanitarianism had its inspiration in religion, and that he was an evangelist before he was a philanthropist. Not since Wesley rode all over England in his magnificent and ceaseless evangel has there been another such soldier in the wars of God. J. F. N.

Just now the world echoes with the name of David Livingstone, as his centennial approaches—one of the most dauntless and chivalrous souls who ever shamed indolence and despair. After reading his life—especially the life by Sylvester Horne—one feels that one can never be depressed again. The words of Isaac Taylor come to mind: "After forty years I remember his *step*, a characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—*getting there!*" Somehow one hears that step all through his life. From his earliest years, when he boasted of his difficulties—not ashamed of "My order, the honest poor"—to the very end, it was a characteristic forward tread. Through dense forests, over miles of fever-stricken swamps, with bleeding feet, often—yet still there echoed the forward tread which meant getting there. He had ever at his side one friend, Christ—whom he called "a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor." At last he died on the march—but his characteristic forward tread is still heard. When news of his death came, Florence Nightingale quoted the lines:

He climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in his train.

J. F. N.

Dr. Hillis is preaching a series of fourteen sermons on Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as a prelude to the celebration of the Beecher

centennial early in the summer. They are appearing in the *Brooklyn Eagle,* which carries two pages of sermon matter every Monday morning, and needless to say they are most interesting. While free from excessive eulogy, they yet lack, as such studies so often lack, the critical element needed to set the subject clearly in view. Beecher is sorely in need of such treatment, the better to know his real place among the teachers and leaders of men. In a sermon on "Beecher as a Lecturer," Dr. Hillis quotes a passage from a little known lecture on Robert Burns, which my readers will thank me for passing on to them. Beecher explained Burns by excessive sensibility, thus:

> His one nature carried enough for twenty common men of force and of feeling. He never trickled drop by drop prudentially; he gushed. He never ran a slender thread of silver water; he came down booming like one of his own streams, which, when a shower has fallen, rushes down the mountain. All parts of his nature were subject to this same sudden overflow. He thought as dragons charge, he felt love as prairies feel autumnal fires. No man can form an estimate either of the good or bad that was in him who has not studied Burns' heart, whose tides were deep as the oceans and sometimes as tempestuous. There was more put into the making of Burns than any man of his age. That which he had given forth by no means expressed the whole of what he was. A great deal of his nature lay like undug treasure and like unpolished gold. His letters were as wonderful as his poems, and his conversation richer than either. While that half idiot Boswell was picking up every stray acorn that fell from that rough, rugged oak, old Doctor Johnson, how much better would it have been if some Ariel had hung upon the lips of Burns, and recorded the flowers of his inspired eloquence! Now his spirit walks crowned with praises and wreathed with loving sympathies all over the habitable globe. And if every man within these twenty-four hours the world around, who should speak the word of Burns with fond admiration were ranked as his subject, no king on earth would have such a realm; and if such an one should change a feeling into a flower and cast it down to memory, a mountain would rise, and he should sit upon a throne of blossoms, now at length without a thorn.

J. F. N.

Editorial Wanderings

This year the editor has escaped from the March winds and Chicago haste and strain to the broad domain of Texas. Breezy, hopeful, growing, triumphant Texas!

He stopped en route to address the Twin City Teachers' Club of Moline and Rock Island, catching incidentally a glimpse of the Tri-City Club at their monthly banquet in Moline, where one of the leading citizens of Moline gave an address on the Panama Canal, which he had recently visited and which was graphically interpreted by the camera,—which tells no lies. With its help we were able to see the great project in process and we were almost able to hear the puffs of the great steam lifters and the laugh of the workers. Environed by science, sanitary wisdom and sure pay this toil in the tropics becomes buoyant.

The first stop in Texas was at Dallas. Here eight restful but somewhat busy days were spent. With the kindly help of the indispensable stenographer the accusing letters brought from the "unanswered" crate were disposed of, and new schemes disturbing the sleep of the Editor, were projected on paper and entrusted to the mail, thus relieving the brain and leaving it free for dreamless sleep.

The visit to San Antonio whither I went to offer Brother George Badger a Sunday lift in his Unitarian Mission, ended in making three addresses instead of one within the compass of twenty-four hours. Monday noon I was welcomed to the first anniversary of the "Woman's Suffrage Club of San Antonio." It was a gathering of over one hundred women, with a "sure enough" Mexican dinner at one of the cafes where they are expert in the business. There was a peppery element in the diet that might have provoked vehement if not explosive suffragette demonstrations, but this was a gathering of *Suffragists,* not *Suffragettes,* and the Editor of UNITY was given an opportunity to plead for the general cause, which was unnecessary in that presence, and to do what seemed to him the more necessary thing, that was, plead for the general preparation on the part of the women themselves in view of the sure coming of the great enfranchisement. A nation is not to be served by the adding of women's votes in support of the old masculine militancy and "mannish," not manly, boisterousness, but by the influence of domestic ideas which should obtain in governmental affairs; this is to be when woman comes to her own. It is sad to find in this beautiful southland women who are still willing to accept as inevitable and final for all time the logic of the gun and the heroism of the sword.

The next stop was at Austin, the capital of the state. The Legislature was in session and hotels crowded. This was not an invited stop. I was lured there by the memory of a fellowship reaching back into the earlier days of UNITY. There may be a few readers left who remember the welcome contributions to UNITY from Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock of Austin, Texas. He was a gentleman with rare spiritual insight. He first came south as chaplain of a New Hampshire regiment which served the cause of the freedmen. After the war he stayed in, and worked with and for, the South. He taught the southerners to love and trust him, and as rare a transformation, he was taught to love and honor the Southern Heroes, their friends and their families. Van Holst, in the "Constitutional History of the United States," quotes from an address by Mr. Wheelock delivered in Dover, New Hampshire, the following words: "John Brown is the first plague launched by Jehovah at the head of this immense and embodied wickedness, the rest will follow and then comes the end."

For eight years he served as pastor of a little Unitarian band in this capital city, then came old age and the end. Fifteen years have elapsed since the visible mission of Mr. Wheelock in Austin came to

an end. His friends have never had the heart to look for his successor, and still the name of Wheelock is magic in Austin; once, during the twenty-four hours of my stay there, a genial loving eager crowd of some fifty listeners gathered to hear the words of the man from Chicago, whose chief credentials lay in the fact that he was a friend of the "Rev. Mr. Wheelock" and Editor of UNITY,—the paper that printed Mr. Wheelock's sermons. This modest scholar requested that all his sermons and manuscripts be burned at his death and this was done though it was a hard task. There now survives only a few deliverances which had been already published; one a little book under the name of "Proteus."

Two years ago the discerning mind of Paul Carus, with the generous resources of the Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, reproduced in beautiful form this little prose poem of evolution under the title of "Proteus, a Rhapsody on Man," with a biographical note by a loving disciple. It is charming and beautiful in form, poetic in conception and rich in spiritual insight.

A glimpse was given the Editor of UNITY of Texas University, and a chance to face the boys and girls at the Chapel Exercise with a fifteen-minute address, and the opportunity to shake hands with several members of the faculty and of the library force—who are more or less fresh from the halls of the universities of Wisconsin, Chicago and other northern institutions.

One half hour was spent in the Senate Chamber and another in the House of Representatives. Looking down from the gallery on the Senate Chamber where an orator was tearing himself into shreds over the oft repeated refrain of "The Grand Old State of Texas," the writer noticed on the bright red carpet great white cardboards on which were printed in large bold black letters, "Please Don't Spit on the Floor?" Spittoons were apparently sufficiently numerous to render such placards unnecessary, but I was told that the marksmanship of some of these legislators is not so accurate with the quid as with the bullet. This polite request reminded me of similar exhibitions in the beautiful new million and a half dollar capitol of Arkansas when two years ago it was opened for occupancy, the interior, resplendent in its beautiful marble stairways, halls and railings, was literally covered with placards "Please Use the Spittoons?" There is an old story, I know not how well verified, that the habit of Texas legislators was to use the register openings in the floor as receptacles for their expectorations, until they became the source of disease and the session had to be adjourned for renovation of the hall.

The use of tobacco is not peculiar to the South; the everlasting cigar and still more subtle cigarette befoul the atmosphere in northern legislative halls, scarcely less offensively.

My next stop was in Fort Worth, the headquarters of the great Texas cattle trade. The city was gay with decorations and in readiness for the "Fat Stock Show" which was about to open. I was booked for a lecture in the Methodist Church under the auspices of the "Sorosis,"—the woman's club. Mr. Rice, pastor of the church, who is a post-graduate of the Chicago University and who heard me lecture when he was pastor of the Methodist Church at Montgomery, Alabama, gave me a warm welcome and a royal introduction. Besides this lecture I found myself scheduled for an address before the "Texas Christian University,"—an institution under the auspices of the Christian fellowship,—and an afternoon address before the High School. Texas is in the denominational college stage. The denominations are very free in contributing to the support of their specific colleges. There will come a time, no doubt, when they will ameliorate their sectarianism and abandon the denominational emphasis in education.

Last Saturday found the Editor back in Dallas again enjoying the home-like comforts of the Oriental Hotel; and yesterday morning, Sunday, March 9, he gave a pulpit lift to the Rev. George Gilmore of the Unitarian Church here, which has only just come into the happy possession of a commodious, suitable and attractive house of worship, which the Jewish congregation had outgrown.

There are Galveston, Houston, Dallas, and St. Joseph, Missouri, yet on the list of engagements to be filled as I swing around the circle homeward, where I am due, as has been my wont, for many years, to conduct the Good Friday Services on the 21st of March. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Dallas, Texas, March 10, 1913.

Ecce Deus

THE OTHER SIDE

Now that Dr. Mann has called attention to the Benjamin Smith book, "Ecce Deus," apparently with approval, it may not be out of order to state the other side. At any rate, not all of us can set so much store by a book which, instead of being a contribution to scholarship, is a curiosity of extreme polemics. To be sure, it is interesting as a feat of imagination, soaring arily above the trammels of fact, logic and reality in all manner of flights. But as a thesis put forth in the grave name of scholarship, it is to laugh.

Of course, it is idle to guess at what might have happened had not something else occurred. But to say that Christ did not create Christianity, but was

created by it; that by a mere chance, as it were, an humble teacher of spiritual and magnetic attraction became the point of coalescence and crystallization of a consensus of expectation, and the center of a dream edifice—that is simply absurd. A sense of humor, to say nothing of a sense of history and its forces, should have made it impossible to state such a thesis seriously.

Professor Drews, in "The Christ Myth," betrays himself entirely. Back of that book is a dogma to establish which the author is willing, apparently, to go to any length. He writes as an almost fanatical monist, and in bitter opposition to what he calls "the poor and soulless faith in a personal God, in freedom and immortality." His reason for wishing to get rid of the historical Jesus is that He is "the chief obstacle to a monistic religion." By that bias the book must be judged, and as such it is a hodge-podge, taking familiar things which every one knows and mixing them with much that nobody knows except the author, and stirring the whole into a syllabub, in which anything may mean anything else. He has read "a frightful lot," as Goethe would say, but his book is valuable chiefly as an example of how far a dogma will lead a man.

Every man has a right to his opinion—or, as Mr. Dooley said, he will have it whether he has a right to it or not. Professor Drews has a right to be a monist. The validity of monism as a philosophy of religion is not here the question. He has a right to attack the historicity of Jesus. Meanwhile, some of us will take note of the bias of his book, and judge it not as an achievement of grave, impartial scholarship, but as an example of polemics as unfair, as untrustworthy, as any the old dogmatists can offer.

The case is not better, but even worse, with "Ecce Deus." The thesis of this book is that the Christian religion was simply a monotheistic movement, with a strong moral tinge, which vivified a number of mythological elements in contemporary syncretism. The author is entitled to hold that thesis and defend it. No one wishes to muzzle him, much less pillory him. But when he poses as an announcer of startling facts, hitherto unknown or suppressed, lest the Christian edifice be shaken and shattered by them, it is too much. That is the sure token of an amateur. Indeed, if one may be candid without being unkind, as an example of amazing conceit this book has not another to match it. Listen:

> The writer seems to have proved clearly in a work (yet in MSS.) on "Gnostic Elements in the New Testament," that the New Testament parallels to preserved Gnostic passages are almost without exception younger than Gnostic correspondents.
>
> The writer completed in September, 1909, a minute discussion of Mark, verse by verse; since then the importunacy of professional duties has prevented final revision and preparation for the press.

What a pity! Having used his odd hours in working out his thesis that "there are no texts in the Gospels that indicate that the Jesus was a man," he is unhappily detained from making it known to a startled world—and thus utterly confounding the industrious scholarship of ages. Alas! that our modern life is so hurried and crowded with professional duties! "Let no one suppose," we are also warned in the preface, "that the author's quiver is herewith emptied." No one had supposed it. Such an imagination as Professor Smith possesses is not easily exhausted. Take these precious examples:

> It is as the final efflorescence of the Judaeo-Graeco-Roman spirit, of the Asiatic-European soul, that Christianity is wholly intelligible and infinitely significant.
>
> Even if we had no evidence whatever of a pre-Christian Jesus-cult, we should be compelled to affirm its existence with undiminished decision.

Of course we should! What does evidence have to do with so obvious an affirmation. No doubt the evidence is to be found in some of the manuscripts of the Professor not yet given to a waiting world. Witness the assertion that the New Testament writers were wise enough to study the "Republic" of Plato and comparative religion, and that their researches met a real need of the age. After that anything is possible. Such a historical sense is more than equal to any problems which may be left over. Who said that this matter-of-fact land of ours is destitute of imagination!

One regrets to have to write in this way, but the case deserves it. One is willing to listen, gratefully, to authentic scholarship, but when books of this sort are put forth as scholarly—and, in deed *scientific*—one has that weary feeling which our patent-medicine men talk about in the early spring. The more so, when we are informed that the scholars of the world are craven cowards who dare not face the facts! If liberalism takes up with books of this ilk, it will soon be a rare curiosity in the museum of defunct cults. Dear Mr. Mann, please put on your glasses and read "Ecce Deus" again.

As for the other side, it has been admirably stated many times of late—briefly and notably by David Smith in "The Historic Jesus." He writes with the precision and caution of the real scholar, seeking the facts rather than spinning and elaborating a mere fancy with serene indifference to the methods of history. He does not profess to know all kinds of things never heard of by any scholar before. His style is pellucid, and behind it is a full and ample knowledge of sources and of the issues involved. I commend this little book to busy folk who may wish to know the other side.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

To make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God, to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed,—it is the work for a god.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE PULPIT

LIBERIA

The Hope of the Dark Continent

An Address by
FREDERICK STARR
At All Souls Church
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
March 9, 1913

In the years 1905 and 1906 I made my first journey into Africa and spent something over one year in the very heart of the continent, in the Congo Free State.

In order to reach the mouth of the Congo we took steamer from Antwerp, Belgium. We made various stops along the west coast of Africa, and among other points we stopped at Freetown, in the English colony of Sierra Leone. Having some hours to wait in port, the passengers went on shore to get a first glimpse of the Dark Continent. When we came back on board the ship, everything was changed. Up to that time we had our white crew,—Germans, Belgians, Dutchmen, Englishmen,—but when we came back from our visit to the town we found their places taken by black boys, and the whole ship seemed to be swarming with them. When we enter the tropical regions, the white man as a workman ceases to be of much use, and black boys are taken on board to perform the hard labor of the ship during its further voyage. I noticed soon that these boys, most of them, talked English; that they were not Sierra Leone boys, but from Liberia; and they told me, with a great deal of pride, that their tribe was known as Kru people, that they never had been slaves, and that without them the white men's ship would be of little use along the West Coast. They took great interest in pointing out to me their country, as we sailed along not far from the coast of Liberia. From time to time they called my attention to some town or village which could be seen distantly. They told me about their own little villages and about their different tribes. I thought that some time it would be interesting to see where these Kru boys came from.

Probably it was the fact that we were *near* Liberia, that impelled the captain of our steamer to indulge about this time in various stories and anecdotes. He never tired of telling witty stories about the Black Republic; he sneered at it; he laughed at its officers,—their port regulations, their customs-house rules; he took great pride in telling how he and other British captains evaded their laws; he seemed to think it was a great joke that the little Black Republic on the West Coast of Africa was a dismal failure.

Returning a year later, I had occasion to talk with the chief engineer of our steamer, and he too had much to say about Liberia. He told me about Sir Harry Johnston's brilliant scheme, and how, through Sir Harry's enterprise and skill, the little republic would soon be practically a part of the British empire and cease to exist as an independent nation.

Now, these three things, my contact with the Kru boys, the funny jokes and slurring criticisms of our captain, and the fact that Sir Harry was believed to have practically attached Liberia to the British Empire, interested me and I decided that I would visit Liberia some time. Years passed without my doing so, but last summer I found myself really on my way to Liberia.

We reached Liberia at the end of August, which is the worst season of the year; it is the time of the fall rains, and we were assured that through the month of September we might expect to see rains every day and all day long. It was not quite as bad as that, but it was bad enough. I spent September in a trip into the interior, and Sir Harry says that the interior of Liberia is the least known part of Africa. I presume that is true; I presume that there, only a few miles back from the West Coast, are districts that are less known by the white man than even the very heart of the Dark Continent.

What is Africa today, looked at from the point of view of Africa for the Africans? Just now there is a great cry the world over for autonomy. America for Americans! Latin America for the Latin Americans! Asia for the Asians! How about Africa for the Africans?

Do you realize that only two little pieces of the Dark Continent are left in the hands of Africans? There is Abyssinia over on the eastern side of the north half of the continent; it has still its own king or emperor. On the West Coast there is little Liberia. The name means liberty, and the capital city, Monrovia, is named after one of our own Presidents, the author of the Monroe Doctrine. Two small countries only are left in Africa to Africans. Liberia is the only portion left in the hands of *black* men, because Abyssinia is not and never has been a black man's country. All the rest of the continent is divided up among white exploiters.

Is Liberia a failure? Is it true that the only part of the Dark Continent, which remains in the hands of African negroes, in its government, is a contemptible failure?

In studying Liberia, we must remember how it was founded. *What* is Liberia?

In a sense Liberia is our own and only colony; it is the only part of the world which we ourselves have settled and developed.

I suppose there are many people here in Chicago, some in my audience, who, when Liberia is mentioned, think of it as a colony founded by the philanthropy and benevolence of Americans.

I do not want to underestimate our philanthropy and benevolence, but neither do I want to over-rate them. Liberia was founded from America; it was populated with freed blacks sent back from this country; they were aided in returning to the Dark Continent; we founded Liberia, but there was not very much philanthropy or benevolence in the act.

The American Colonization Society did a great and good work, but it was originated by slaveholders and for slaveholders' interests; the black people that we sent to the West Coast of Africa, we sent because we considered them a nuisance, a danger,—because we wanted to get rid of them; Liberia was founded by *dumping* free blacks by the United States on that western coast.

What is Liberia? Liberia today is a nation among the nations of the world. She has her independent government; she has her President, Vice-President, Cabinet, houses of Congress, Supreme Court; Liberia has developed a consular service; consuls and diplomatic agents from foreign countries reside at Monrovia; she has consuls representing her in many lands.

She has been recognized as an independent nation by Great Britain, by France, by Brazil, by Belgium, Holland, Spain, and other nations of the world. By the way, it is a curious fact that although she was settled from America, it was a long time before the United States recognized her independence. And why? Because if America should recognize the independence of the republic which she had aided to establish, there would be a *black* man representing that nation in the capital city of Washington! It was hard at one time for America to think of such a thing.

What is Liberia? Is she a failure?

Of course, in judging whether Liberia is a failure or not, we must compare her with something else which we consider a success. Shall we compare Liberia with Senegal, which is one of the best colonies of France, or with Sierra Leone, founded and developed by Britain?

Is it *fair* to make such a comparison? What is true in regard to Senegal? What is true in regard to Sierra Leone? Well, first there has always been between those colonies and their parent nations a close, intimate, friendly, connection. Sierra Leone has always had the interest of Great Britain; she has been in constant contact with the mother country; she has always looked upon Great Britain as her founder and Great Britain has always recognized the claims of the colony upon her. Great Britain is proud of Sierra Leone and of its development; Sierra Leone is proud of the great nation to whom she owes her existence.

In the second place, what is true in regard to Sierra Leone and Senegal? They have always had the mother country's protection. When the settlers of Senegal and Sierra Leone have had trouble with the wild natives of the interior, what has happened? They have had European officers, European soldiers, European training, European money to protect them against attack; if there had been aggression on the frontiers of Senegal or Sierra Leone by foreign nations, what would have occurred? The whole force of the mother country would be ready to protect the cherished colony.

In the third place, what is true in regard to Senegal and Sierra Leone? They have had the vast capital of the mother countries to aid in their development. What is it that has made Sierra Leone rich and prosperous? What is it that today makes Senegal the wonder of the western coast? It is the fact that the hoarded millions of the home lands are placed in service in the development of the rich resources of the colonies.

In the next place, these colonies have had encouraging interest in their moral and intellectual instruction; the home countries have founded schools, sent teachers, encouraged missions, founded churches, and built schoolhouses and chapels for Sierra Leone and for Senegal.

And then, of course, England and France have sent their choicest men as governors; they have devised wise laws; they have done all that human wisdom could do to give good government to their little colonies.

Ah well, you want me to compare Sierra Leone and Senegal with Liberia? What mother country had Liberia? What love and affection has there been between her and the United States? What pride has there been on our part because of Liberia's achievements; and what pride has there been on their part in our grandeur among the nations of the world?

Liberia has had its battles to fight with natives. There *was* a time when only thirty-five men were able to bear guns and had to fight against an enemy that numbered hundreds; since then Liberians have had repeated native wars. But there has never been a time when the American government maintained a force in Liberia to protect the colonists against the wild natives, many of them representing warlike and cannibal tribes.

Then there have been neighbors crowding on Liberia. England on the one side and France on the other, on every possible excuse, have crowded, stolen territory browbeaten and robbed the little Black Republic. Liberia has lost thousands of square miles of area to her aggressive neighbors, and there has never been a hand raised by the mother country to protect her.

As to education! Remember what the people were who went there; they were slaves freed from bondage; they were free blacks, whom we were unwilling should associate with our children, whom we would not permit to go to our public schools. Some were Africans, caught in slaving ships as they were being brought across to be sold on this side of the Atlantic, and who were carried back and dumped upon the Liberian people for development. And the Liberians, if *they* learned to read, had to pay for their own schools; Liberia had to build its own churches, pay its own teachers, hire its own ministers. It is true that there have been some Christian teachers and preachers sent there, but for the most part the burden of education has fallen upon the black man himself, with little sympathy from outside and little help from the mother country.

And, *of course,* we have not sent them governors. Liberia was under the Colonization Society from 1820 until 1847. During that period the Society sent agents to govern and direct the colony and the United States government sent agents to attend to the affairs of returned slaves—understand, by returned slaves, I mean people who were being carried as slaves on slave ships to America and who were captured and sent to Liberia. In 1847 Liberia declared its independence and became a nation. So we may safely say that we have done little to train her in good government.

You ask me to make a comparison between Liberia without these advantages and Senegal and Sierra Leone with them. Is it just to expect as much from a handful of descendants from slaves and poor freedmen as from the inhabitants of wealthy colonies of Great Britain and France?

Yet, I am willing to make the comparison. It is not just, but we will make it. We find in Liberia today black people who are living in comfort, who read and write, who talk intelligently, who are members of Christian churches and who undertake enterprises for the improvement of the natives around them; people who dress well, who live well, who have comfortable houses and who feel that they are something in the world.

Talk about dressing well! Sir Harry Johnston speaks of Liberia as "the land of the cult of the dress suit." It is so. On public occasions, you may see more men, proportionally, on the streets of Monrovia, dressed in dress suits and stovepipe hats than in any other city that I know.

They took over with them the notions and ideals to which they were accustomed in their old southern homes. They had seen their masters dress well and

eat well and live well; and, when they went over and found themselves free men, they wanted to live well and dress well and eat well. The houses in Monrovia are like nothing else on the West Coast of Africa. There are good houses in Sierre Leone and Senegal, of course, and plenty of them, but the Monrovian house is the Southern *plantation* house; it is the same kind of house that master and mistress used to live in, where the young people of "the family" were brought up. When those poor freedmen got to Africa, they introduced the plantation type of house; they dressed like old master dressed; they wanted to be in some other respects like old master. Thus, they did not want to work with their hands. They did not have to—there were plenty of "bush niggers" in Liberia to do the hard work. Curious thing, those people spoke of themselves as *white men,* and they called the people of the forest "bush niggers;" they look upon them as some quite inferior order of beings—naturally.

It is *something* to find a little population where the people know more than those about them, are happy, live well, dress well and have comfortable homes; it is something of an achievement, I think, for those poor black men to have accomplished.

Then, of course, they really have a government; and I think it is almost a miracle. It is upon the population of civilized, English-speaking, christian black people of Liberia that the government of the country rests. How many are there of them? Just about 12,000.

Take an American town of 12,000 people and require that town to produce a President of a republic,—not a mere town government, you understand, but a President of a republic,—a Vice-President, a Cabinet, a Legislature of two houses and a Supreme Court of perhaps five judges. How many of our towns of 12,000 intelligent white people, with all our opportunities and advantages, could do it successfully? Yet Liberia has done it wonderfully well. She has developed a government,—patterned too closely, I think, after our own,—and that government for more than sixty years has been maintained in the face of hostility from both her neighbors. While she has been laughed at and scoffed at, her State papers and her diplomatic dealings with other nations indicate that she is neither inferior nor ignorant. In fact her skill in dealing with public matters has been remarkable.

Liberia has an area much the same as that of the State of Ohio; Ohio has about 40,000 square miles and Liberia has something like 43,000. There are about 12,000 people in Liberia, who claim civilization and christianity, who call themselves Liberians, and most of whom are descended from blacks from America. They live scattered in something like a dozen little settlements near the coast. Next to these 12,000 *Liberians* are about 30,000 Kru and Grebo—fishing people, boating people, the people who supply black crews for the white man's steamers; these people live along the coast and occupy portions left unoccupied by the little settlements of Liberians. Then back in that unknown interior, the least known part of Africa, there live perhaps a million bush folk. Sir Harry Johnston claims that there are two millions, but the figure is surely excessive. They are barbarians; men who have their own languages and know no English; they form about twenty different tribes, all having their own customs and ways, all of them polygamists, all of them slave-holding—some of them cannibals; many of them never have seen a white man in their lives. And these tribes are to be kept in order, kept from making trouble with neighbors, and brought, if possible, into relations with the civilized world.

You get that, do you? Twelve thousand *Liberians,* thirty thousand Kru, and about one million barbaric, untrained, black people living back in the bush.

Take the State of Ohio; take Bellaire, a little town of 12,000; divide the people of Bellaire into ten or twelve little settlements along the shore of Lake Erie; now, put along that shore about 30,000 ignorant fishermen; then fill the country of Ohio, lying back, with one million wild Indians, and you have about the problem that Liberia has. That is what she has to deal with, and the wonder is that long since she has not fallen under the burden and ceased to be among the nations of the world.

Of course I have some criticisms to make of the Liberians. As I have already stated, they do not like to work much. No, they do not like to work; they do not like to carry things; they do not want to work in the fields. Their ancestors used to work in the fields before they went over there; one reason they went there was that they did not want to work in the fields any longer and they have not worked in the fields very much. There is little agriculture being done by the Liberians. They find it more enjoyable to trade, and they have been traders ever since the first settlers went there.

Then there is always another way of escape from manual labor—that of the professional life. Everywhere people, who don't want to work with their hands, honestly and decently, will seek a learned profession; we find that sort of thing over there just the same as we do in some other parts of the world; those Liberians have studied the professions. They want to be ministers, or "reverends," as they call them over there. They would rather be "reverends" than to work with their hands. They study to be doctors, but *the* profession that catches most of them is law; the number of lawyers in Liberia is painfully, unnecessarily, large; and the lawyers almost always go into politics; they aim to become members of Congress, or judges of the Supreme Court, or members of the Cabinet, or President of the republic. It is unfortunate that so many of them are anxious for that kind of life. But they are skilled in it and we have nothing to teach them when it comes to politics. And they know well what graft means. Unluckily there is much chance for it.

A second thing I criticize in the Liberians is that they have failed to develop their natural resources. Liberia is perhaps the richest piece of Africa left unexploited; there is probably a larger return on a small capital there than anywhere else on the West Coast; that is saying a good deal, because the West Coast has made fortunes for adventurers for centuries. But the Liberians have not done much to develop their country; their opportunities are largely unutilized; in this lies a great danger. It is because Liberia is rich, that Great Britain and France look on it with covetous eyes.

We must criticize, in the third place, their attitude toward the natives. They are not considered equals, nor treated as brothers; they are hewers of wood and drawers of water; they are utilized as house servants. It is convenient to be able to fill one's house with "bush-niggers" as servants, and they do that. Even as far back as 1826, it was said that every man had in his house anywhere from one to four natives, whom

he was able to hire, because he was making money by trade. There is no harm in that, but the Liberian needs the assistance of the native, if the nation is to live. And the native to be politically helpful must be treated as an equal.

There are several great needs in Liberia at the present time; I shall indicate some of them briefly.

Liberia needs to protect her frontiers. There is France on one side and England on the other, both land hungry. They have taken slice after slice of Liberian territory. They are at this present moment planning to take new slices of the same territory. The way in which it is done is to provoke some difficulty on the border and then, because Liberia fails to protect foreign interests, to say, "We must protect them ourselves and we can only do it by taking a little more land." Liberia *needs* a frontier force. She is developing one; it is composed of native soldiers (and she can get any number of them) who, at present, are being trained by colored officers, whom we have lent Liberia; they are being well trained and they will be a protection for the frontier. Without such protection the Liberians will lose, little by little, the land which they have held so long.

Another needed thing is roads. The roads of Africa are narrow foot-trails, upon which people travel in single file; they are worn into the ground to the depth of several inches; they are in good condition between towns that care to have anything to do with one another; but, there are plenty of towns that do not care to have contact and the trails between them fall into disuse and become neglected and overgrown. It would be a great boon to Liberia to have the trails in the country kept open better than they are. Liberia depends at present upon her wild, raw products of the forest; she is rich because she has plenty of palm oil, palm kernels, piassava fibre, rubber, etc., and these must come out over those trails; the trails must be improved, else the produce of the country will not increase. As the trails are improved, movement becomes more vigorous; as it increases they will find that more roads and better ones must be developed,—true roads indeed; and Liberia already needs a light railroad from Monrovia up to the northwest corner of the republic, where the British railroad at present is sapping the wealth of that whole region of Liberia.

The third thing that Liberia needs is education. She needs good schools, book education; but she particularly needs agricultural instruction and manual training schools. If some of our rich men really want to do something useful, there is an opportunity for them to establish schools which shall give Liberia true ideas regarding the mission and value of labor. I do not say the dignity of labor, because while people talk about the dignity of labor, nobody really considers labor dignified. But it is *useful;* it would be a good thing for the Liberians to learn the *usefulness* of labor; manual training schools and agricultural schools would help toward the solution of many problems.

Liberia, of course, must develop agriculture; she cannot live *forever* on wild produce. At present much of her food supply comes from the outside world. The people in Monrovia have "fresh" meat on the days when the steamers come; they buy their meat from the refrigerator; they raise very little for themselves. I am told that they import most of their rice; and yet rice is an important culture by natives in that region. There are many other things which they should produce but which they bring in from outside. Agriculture must come, it must come *soon*, and when it does come, it will make them rich; if they had agricultural and manual training schools such as I have mentioned these schools would teach them that it is better to get wealth by being producers than by being professional parasites; and that would be a good thing for them to learn.

The President of the republic was good enough to give a reception in my honor while I was in the country. It was held in the executive mansion and there were about two hundred and fifty people present. I met the President and his lady, the Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet, some of the judges of the Supreme Court and some members of Congress. I had a pleasant evening and was asked to make a few remarks. I told them that, in my opinion, their chief asset is their native population; the 12,000 Liberians cannot alone protect their country against Great Britain and France; that the 30,000 Kru boys—who, by the way, do not love the Liberians—are not much protection, and that they cannot get them to go back in the country anyway; that they must depend ultimately upon the million natives in the back country to protect their land for them; they must make those natives feel that they are brothers; they must rouse in them an interest in their common country; they must give them education; they must elevate them; they must give them ideas of what a nation means; it is their only hope; if they can do *that*, there is no danger in the future of Liberia.

The remaining things I shall say regard ourselves. What can we do; what should we do for Liberia?

The first thing we should do is to stand out squarely and let the world know that we look on Liberia differently from any other country on the globe; that we propose to see that she has a fair chance. That is all that is necessary. We have not done that yet. When France begins to talk about the Monroe Doctrine, we stop talking about Liberia's rights; and when England begins to talk about her preponderant commercial interests along the West Coast, we keep silent and let the land stealing go on without protest.

It would be a great thing for Liberia if we would flatly say, we are responsible for Liberia's coming into existence, and we will not see her abused. We do not want to establish a protectorate over her. No, indeed. She is already a nation, full fledged; she is a republic with her elected officers; she is already recognized by the nations of the globe. We do not want to take her over; but we should stand by her side.

We can give her financial aid. Three times in her history Liberia has had to borrow money from the outside world. The first time was back in 1871; then she borrowed from Great Britain; she was terribly cheated, robbed, in fact; Sir Harry Johnston tells the story and does not mince things. She borrowed money again, in those magnificent days of 1905-6, when Sir Harry's brilliant schemes were being floated, and it was through his aid that the loan was made; she fared about as badly as she did in 1871. She borrowed last year $1,500,000 with the assistance of the United States. There was about $1,300,000 still due on the two former loans; the idea was to pay off those loans and start again with a little cash in hand. In arranging for this $1,500,000 loan (which was negotiated, I believe, with the aid of that excellent man, Mr. Mor-

gan) the United States Government put a receivership into operation, so that the loan should be secured, the interest paid and all that. Customs-houses were taken over and are to be administered until this money is repaid. That is all right; it was a good thing to do; I am glad we did it. But we should have sent one man to Monrovia, and only one; he should have been an American and have had full charge of those customs-houses. But what did we do? Why, we said suppose France, Germany or England should take exception to our paying those debts; suppose they should not want us to loan money to Liberia; what should wo do? Think of the United States talking with itself in that fashion. Can we loan Liberia $1,500,000 without asking anybody else about it? Once having asked the question, we decided that we could not. So we said we will have an international combination; there shall be an American chief receiver, then there shall be a German receiver and a French receiver and an English receiver; we shall put these other receivers at other ports along the coast of Liberia; instead of paying one receiver $5,000, we shall pay four receivers $12,500. That is what has been done. We have arranged an interesting international scheme in which four receivers, representing the great nations of the world, are put in to make sure that poor Liberia pays back $1,500,000 some time or other. It is a mistake. It was bad enough to inflict a $5,000 salary on them for one American receiver, but that would have been quie enough. The matter should have been arranged as a little family affair in which Germany and France and England had no reason to be interested.

We could help her through steamer connection. It would be a fine thing if there were a steamship line established between Monrovia and New York, carrying passengers, freight, making business between the two countries. Before the war there used to be definite connection between the two countries; there is not now. It is true that lately there is an arrangement whereby occasional boats, alternately English and German, sail from New York to Monrovia. It is a good thing; but it is not American, nor run for American advantage; American direct connection should be maintained, even if it did not pay for a time. It would have a good effect. It would have commercial value, but its real importance would be to connect the black people of this country and the people of Liberia in an intimacy and closeness that does not now exist. If the black people in this country could go to Liberia, easily and inexpensively, and if the Liberians could come here for educational and other advantages without too great a sacrifice, it would do much to solve the negro problem in America and all the problems of Liberia.

Here is the little Black Republic on the West Coast of Africa, with its problems, its claims, its rights. In the old days the cry was often heard that Liberia would regenerate Africa. I believe it is the only hope of the Dark Continent today. If the one nation governed by black men, for black men, in Africa dies, the whole continent becomes merely a field for selfish European exploitation. If Liberia lives and prospers she may yet lead the way to *African Redemption.*

"It were a misfortune to have a friend until I have learned in my loneliness not to be lonely; or to have wealth, until I am rich without it."

—*Muriel Strode.*

The Sunday School

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

HOSEA

III

Text: "For I desire kindness and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings."—Amos 6:6.

Hosea probably was a contemporary of Amos, but his message came later by thirty or forty years. If you want to know what a troublesome time they had in this period, read from the ninth to the fifteenth chapter of II Kings. Read it not as Bible, but as a fresh chapter of history. Try to grasp the fact of the tremendous, bloody revolution of Jehu. We are still in the Northern Kingdom of Israel. Ahaz was a bad king, corrupt and idolatrous. Such a condition of affairs existed that Jehu was roused to institute a gory revolution. It is a blood-stained story but the hand of Jehu was a strong hand in a trying and critical emergency.

Jehu reigned from B. C. 842 to 814, a period of twenty-eight years. Jehoahaz followed, reigning for seventeen years, and Jehoash for sixteen. Then came Jeroboam in whose reign developed at least two witnesses to righteousness and poets of religion who were so great that their words survive. Jeroboam was a great, triumphant, conquering king. During his rule came a period of great prosperity and luxury. It was this luxury which distressed the heart of Amos and inspired his ethical declaration. You must read these prophets with a fresh mind as you would John Ruskin's arraignment of English life, or as you read Tolstoi. That is the only way you can get hold of their virility.

When the words of Hosea came into form as a book it was so long after the event that an inscription was placed on it by the editor, giving it a place in history. Those who study the book in the Hebrew say that Hosea did not have the literary skill that Amos had. They tell us that the style is abrupt and broken.

Living in the latter years of Jeroboam's reign the prophet perhaps saw the downfall of Samaria about thirty years later. The fall of the Northern Kingdom is put at 721 and it may be that he was carried away at the time of the invasion by Assyria, which he and Amos had foreseen and pictured,—not by some miraculous illumination from on high but from a consciousness that things were fast going to the bad. Clearly inspiration is here, but it is the inspiration of great men everywhere. That is inspired which is inspiring.

There is a very interesting contrast between Amos and Hosea. Amos laid large emphasis on personal ethics. Very little piety is shown except in his belief in the sanctity and sacredness of the ethical law. It was wickedness that distressed him. There is much denunciation. He scolds, some would say; but a scold is one who nags over little, unimportant things at an ill-advised time. This grim shepherd from the South is talking plain truth about the irregularities of the North.

Hosea comes with an element of appeal, of emotion, of sympathy, of tenderness of heart, of piety. He is distressed by irreverence. To force the distinction between morals and religion, think of Amos as intensely ethical, of Hosea as intensely religious. He was pious in the highest, best sense of the word.

Visualize if you can, the historic situation enough to see that the prosperous and conquering country came to a calamitous end, not because the Lord had become angry with them, but because they persisted in butting their heads against the stone wall of rectitude, and did not conform to the law of continuity. Read the book in Noyes' version, if you can, because he translates it into meter and this is poetry in the making.

The first three chapters represent Jehovah as a faithful husband to an unfaithful wife, and it is put baldly and forcefully in the first person. Hosea has married a woman of loose character, she has continued to be unfaithful, and has given him three illegitimate children to whom he has given symbolic names. Learned men insist on saying that this is a piece of the actual experience of the prophet, and that his lesson and sermon are based on it, but that kind of interpretation offends psychology. In the first place, the man who has had that kind of suffering is not going to put it into literature. And in the second place the Bible is full of symbolism taken from the home and domestic love. Jehovah was the faithful husband of the unfaithful wife—Israel. She had proved disloyal to him and had had unholly alliances with other countries. Symbolism is carried all through the book.

Chapter IV:

"Hear the word of Jehovah, ye sons of Israel!
For Jehovah hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land;
For there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. . . . .
Therefore shall the land mourn. . . . . .
My people is destroyed for lack of knowledge; . . . ."

Note the emphasis here on the laws of rectitude and the demands of the Eternal.

As in reading Shakespeare you come across sentences that you have known all your life and have not known where they came from, so here is a well-known saying placed in its setting:

"Ephraim is joined to idols;
Let him alone."

Chapter V brings an appeal to the spirit, and an arraignment. Here we find the spirit and poetry which should be in our teaching of geography. By means of the archeology of Homer we may reconstruct the geography of his time. Here we get a lesson in contemporary history of the Eighth Century B. C.

Chapter VII contains the very essence of faith and piety. Note the characteristic figure when he speaks of their wickedness and falsehood:

"They are as an oven heated by the baker;
He ceaseth to stir the fire. . . . ."

You build a fire and go away to sleep until the bread is ready but you do not realize that the fire is raging which will consume you. Notice, too, the searching figures concerning Ephraim.

The particular abomination which did not seem to distress Amos, but did distress Hosea, was what Noyes translates as "Calf," generally translated "Bull." The bull was one of the popular images of the Deity. The current religion at that time was a sort of picnic religion, they gathered under the trees and had a convivial, carousing time. This distressed the men who had grasped the significance of the ethical life. There is an austerity which belongs to noble living, an element of curbing the appetite, doing without things, putting a limit to one's indulgences.

Chapter IX:

"To Egypt shall Ephraim go back,
And eat unclean things in Assyria."

Egypt didn't get them but Assyria did! Sometimes he hits it and sometimes he doesn't. Very tender and characteristic of Hosea is this:

"When Israel was a child, I loved him,
And called my son out of Egypt. . . . .
I drew them with human cords, with bands of love; . . . .
How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? . . . .
For I am God and not man. . . . ."

It ends as all good preaching ought to, with a hopeful note and appeal, and a beautiful benediction.

Can we make a twentieth century sermon out of Hosea? Look into the hard facts which history has written and rewritten. Why did Egypt go down? Why did Babylon fall? What brought Nineveh low? What became of the Hittites and the Phœnicians? Why are Tyre and Sidon in ashes or worse? What became of Rome and its glory? What became of Venice in its zenith? The same old story with varied settings. Are luxury and extravagance less menacing today than in the kingdom of Ephraim 700 B. C. Ascertain what baseball and football, automobiles, tobacco and liquor cost in the United States last year! Every dollar that passes through anybody's hands is made by human sweat of one kind or another. Who pays? Who pays these enormous bills for luxuries?

Human nature must have something to sustain it. If people have no inward peace and faith to sustain them they have to rush to amusements to keep from getting dead sick of themselves. The ethical element enters into religious life. Hosea makes you feel that the Old Testament tingles with a contribution to Twentieth Century problems.

QUESTIONS ON HOSEA.

1. Under what king did Hosea prophesy?
2. Tell something about the time in which Hosea lived.
3. Contrast Amos and Hosea.
4. Is the book of Hosea to be taken literally?
5. To what nation did Hosea belong?
6. To what nation did he prophesy?
7. State the principal cause of the downfall of the old nations Hosea mentions.
8. How can a nation become over-confident?
9. Is there anything in Hosea's words which fits our times?
10. What is the danger now to our own nation?

THE TRUTH

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfill.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day;
Tomorrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

"To do the thing that counts, and then not count it."
—*Muriel Strode.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TWO INTERESTING CHURCH ITEMS

The Wabash Ave. Methodist Church, a "very much downtown" church in Chicago, is truly a life saving station for storm tossed mariners. The basement has been thrown open and the "all in" and "down and outer" are sleeping there instead of in a worse place. Said the pastor: "I used to have an arrangement with a little cheap hotel by which I could send worthy poor men there. It cost me 15 cents a bed, and I paid the bill at the end of each month, but the bill became so great—oh, there are so many worthy poor—that I was forced to open the church basement and let them sleep there. You couldn't ask for a better behaved group of men than those who come here nights. During the last few nights the sleeping room has had an average crowd of fifty. There is an adjoining reading-room, together with a lunchroom, where coffee and rolls are served for 5 cents to young men and women working in near-by factories.

Forest Hills, N. Y., has a decidedly new kind of church enterprise that seems to have made a go of it. A United Church has been established which promises to solve some of the sectarian problems in rural communities. Churchmen from eight different denominations—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Dutch Reformed, Lutheran and Friend, determined to make one strong church body, which, holding to the essentials of Orthodox Protestantism, should have a basis of faith of sufficient breadth and flexibility to accommodate all evangelical Christians. The enterprise has now a building costing $12,000, with a student from Union Seminary, Rev. J. C. Rollyman, who has been called as pastor. He is endeavoring to avoid all doctrinal divisional themes, preaching the truths common to most modern evangelical preachers. The standard and by-laws adopted are: Belief in God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit; the fundamental principles of Christian faith as held by Orthodox Protestant Christians; the Holy Scriptures as the word of God and the guide to righteous living, and the duty of disciples of Christ to further the extension of His Kingdom.—*The Advance.*

WASHINGTON IN WESTMINSTER

The English are proposing to place a memorial to George Washington in Westminster Abbey. This may seem a trifle tardy recognition, and one fancies a smile flitting across the features of the great man. It is not, however, a smile of scorn. Washington was "by birth, by training, by association and by mental and moral tendencies" an Englishman and the suggestion to honor him as such is not perhaps so out of place as the American at first thinks. "Unflinching courage, unflagging patience, fortitude to await the right moment, swiftness of decision and the force to strike heavily"—these are the characteristics which England has always admired in her great soldiers and these are what she has come to admire in the man who led the American movement for freedom and defeated her.

She has, also, learned to admire the statesmanship of Washington. Beyond this, however, and deeper is the recog-

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nition of what Washington did for England as the leader of the American Revolution, which really made despotism impossible in England. Without him that revolution would, no doubt, have been crushed and absolutism strengthened immensely. It is as a great leader who fearlessly fought in the cause of popular rights common to both countries that Englishmen today wish to pay homage to the great American.—*The Standard.*

MOTHERS' PENSIONS

State pensions for indigent mothers are gaining great headway. William Hard in *The Delineator* (New York) sums up the situation:

"It is advanced in the platform of the Progressive party in Missouri, as a demand for the extension of the Kansas City system to the rest of the State.

"It is advanced in the platform of the Republican party in Wisconsin, again as a demand for the extension of a local into a State-wide measure.

"It is advanced in the platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties in California.

"Strong, organized movements in its favor have carried it far on its way toward adoption in Iowa, Ohio, Massachusetts and New York. It has powerful and active advocates in Minnesota, Michigan and Tennessee. The daily newspapers show that in nineteen other States it has risen at least to the level of serious talk."

Since the above was written "mothers' pensions" bills have been submitted in Washington, Indiana and Utah.

Last September, says Mr. Hard, 150 children in Kansas City, 1,636 in Chicago, and 137 in Milwaukee were beneficiaries of this plan. The number of mothers drawing allowances in these three cities at that time was 600, and the sums paid amounted to about $12,000 a month.

Colorado's Mothers' Compensation Law, which was put on the statute book at the recent election by a referendum vote of the people, does not differ materially from the Illinois law. It provides, writes George Creel in the Denver *Rocky Mountain News,* that "the State may award money to widowed and indigent mothers for the support of their children in the home." Mr. Creel, who, with Judge Ben B. Lindsey, was one of the chief sponsors of the bill, points out that "it is not only good Christianity, but good business." He says:

"For one-third of the money that it takes to keep a child in an institution, that child can be kept in the home. And who will say that a 'home' child is not better off than an 'institution' child?"

The last clause of the Colorado law provides that it "shall be liberally construed for the protection of the child, the home, and the State, and in the interest of public morals, and for the prevention of poverty and crime."—*The Literary Digest.*

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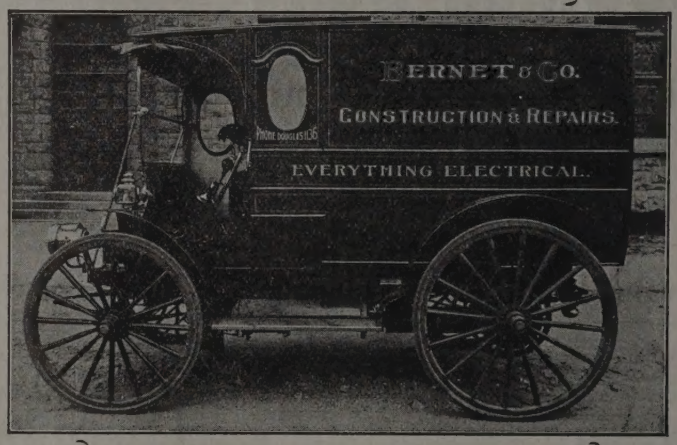

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